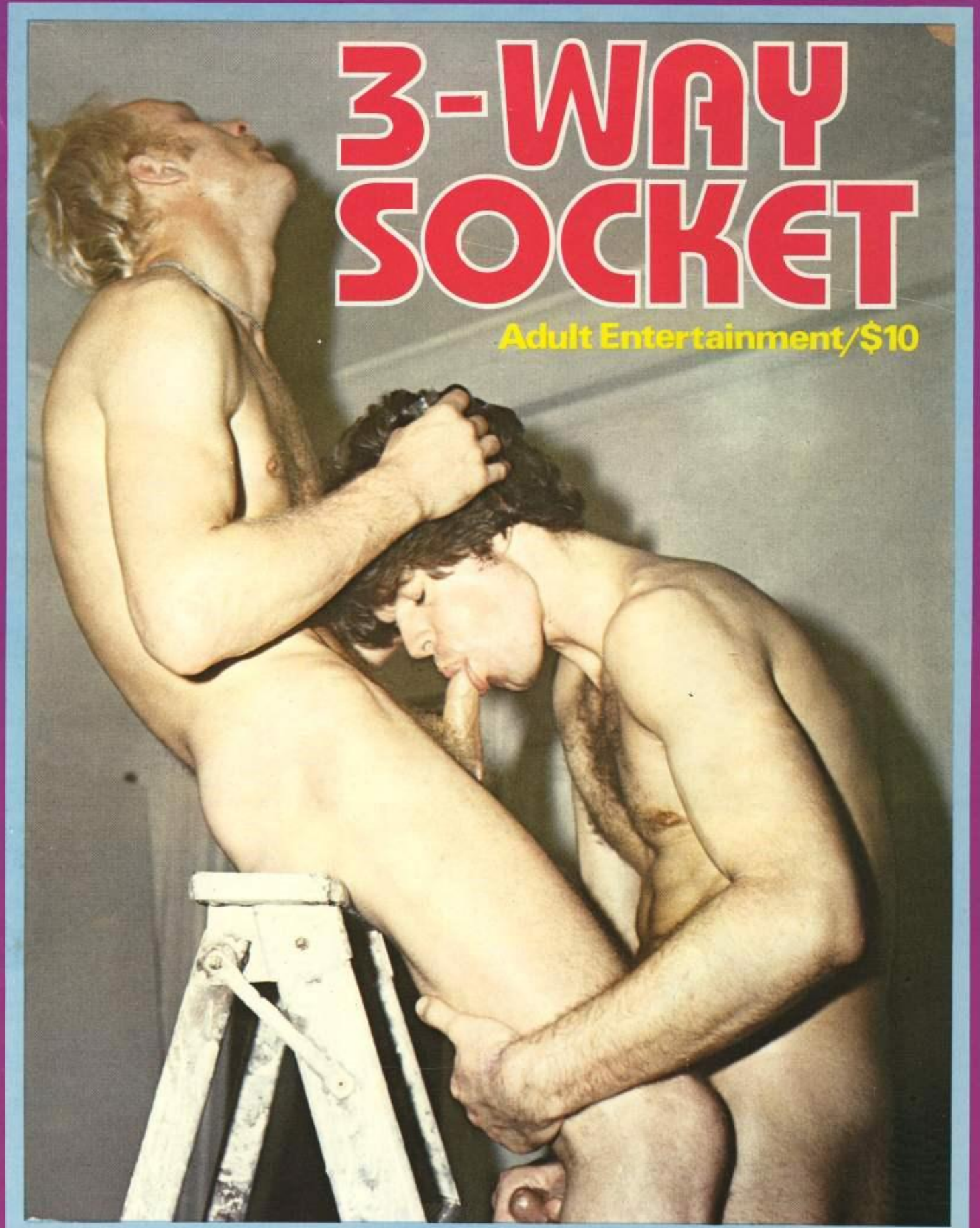

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There's always something exciting about moving into a new place. I suppose it's mostly the thrill of starting in to learn new surroundings, but for me it's even very sexual. I like to get my rocks off in different places and different ways. When I move into a place it's the start of a whole new sexual adventure for me. In fact, the first thing I do after I've gotten everything unpacked is to sit down, relax and jack-off. It's sort of my way of christening a place. Sure, I like to do it with other guys, but there's usually not someone around just after I move in. When I'm horny and there's nobody around to help me out, I sure do enjoy the old hand.

But this last place I moved into was a little different, and what a way to be different! I moved into an apartment in an older building. Everybody in the place is real friendly. Like this guy named Rick, who lives across the hall. As I was moving in he introduced himself and told me all about the place. He said that he was known around the building as "Mr. Fix It" and if I needed any help with anything to just let him know.

I can tell you now that I had several things I wanted him to help me with. He's a good-looking stud with blond hair and a great build. I didn't know if he was available or not, but I knew that I'd have to find out.

It took me the entire afternoon of that first day just to put things away so that I could get around in the place. All the time I was working I was thinking about the guy across the hall and getting hornier and hornier.

I decided that it was time to christen the apartment. Settling down in a chair I relaxed and got out one of my favorite magazines: the kind with the type of pictures that I like

best. As I paged through the book looking at these groovy studs getting it on with each other, I could feel the blood pumping into my cock, making it hard. My hand fell to my lap and started rubbing the stiffening pole through the fabric of my Levi's. It wasn't long before my cock was rock hard. It seemed the buttons were going to pop right off the fly of my pants and I decided that I had better give the old engine some fresh air.

Just then I heard a knock at the door. I wasn't going to answer it, but then decided it might be something important. Boy, am I glad that I did!

Standing in the doorway was Rick. He was wearing a pair of faded work pants and a leather jacket, no shirt. Shit, he sure looked sexy. I felt sort of self-conscious standing there, didn't know if he could tell I had a hard-on or not, but I managed to say, "Hi."

He smiled at me and asked, "How's the moving going?"

"I'm just about all settled."

"Had any problems yet?"

"No, I've hardly had a chance to give the place a good looking-over."

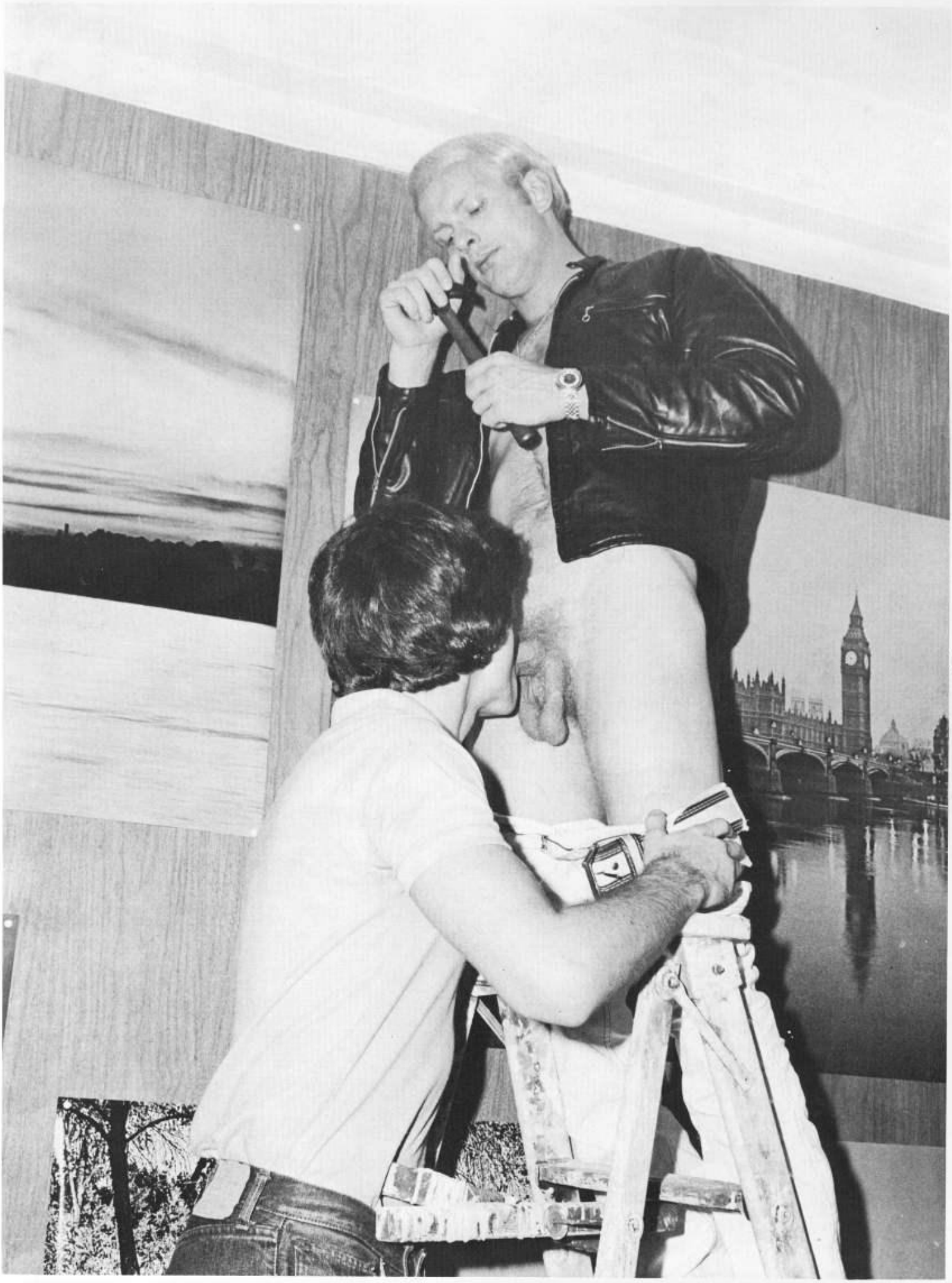
Then he said, "I remembered a light in here that I promised to fix for the last guy that lived here, and thought I'd better come over and take care of it now. That is, if I'm not disturbing you or anything."

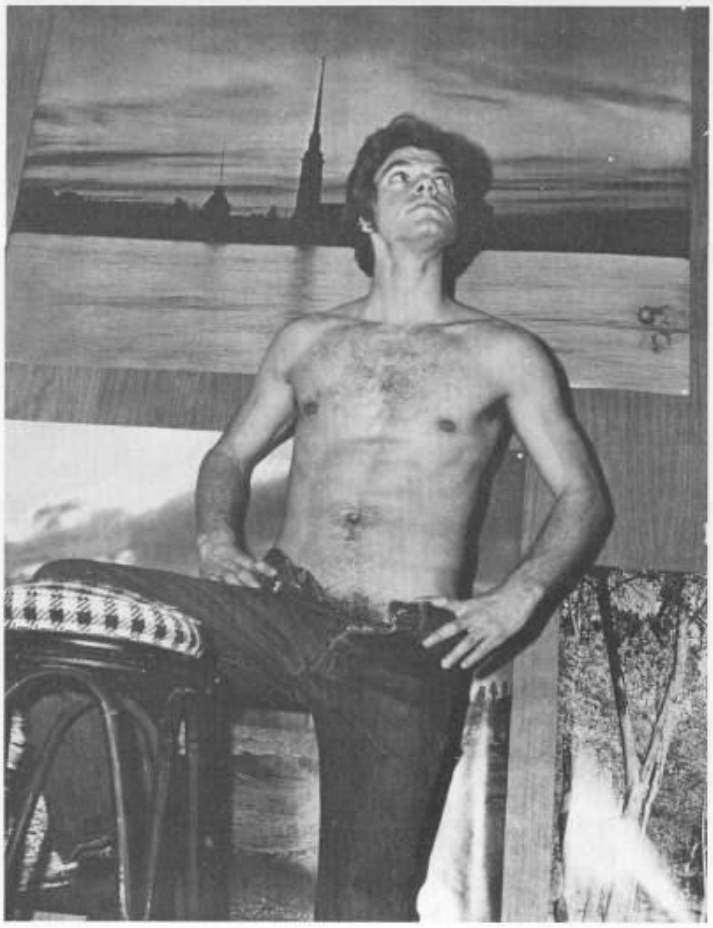
I stepped back out of the doorway and said, "Shit, no. Come on in. Glad to have the help."

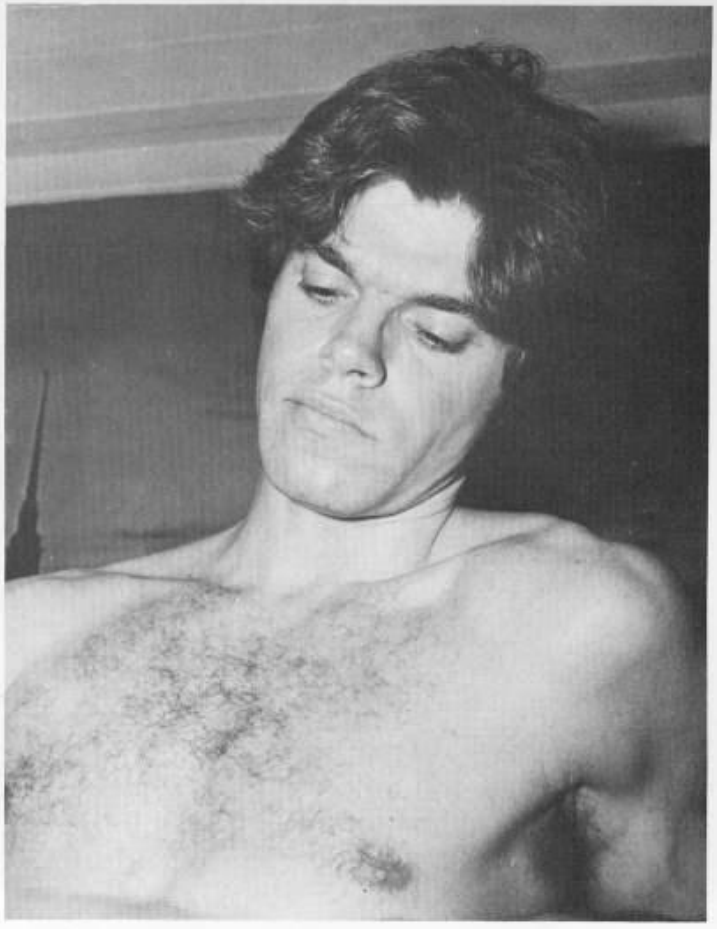
He really seemed to know his way around the apartment, so I just let him take charge. He was making small talk and being very friendly as he set up a ladder in the middle of the room and got some tools out of the pocket in his jacket. Then he asked, "How about steadying the ladder for me?"

"Sure," I answered quickly.

He climbed up onto the





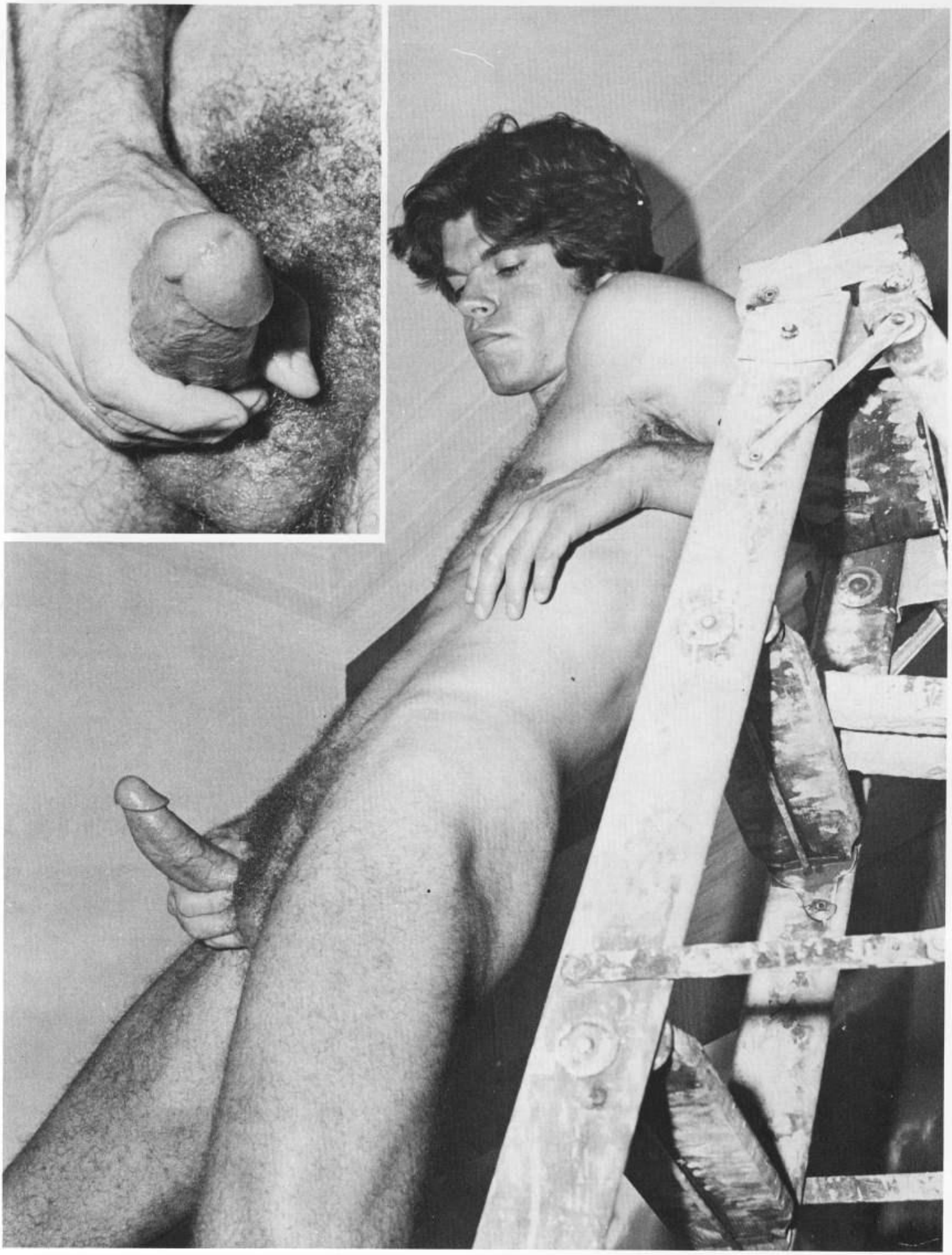


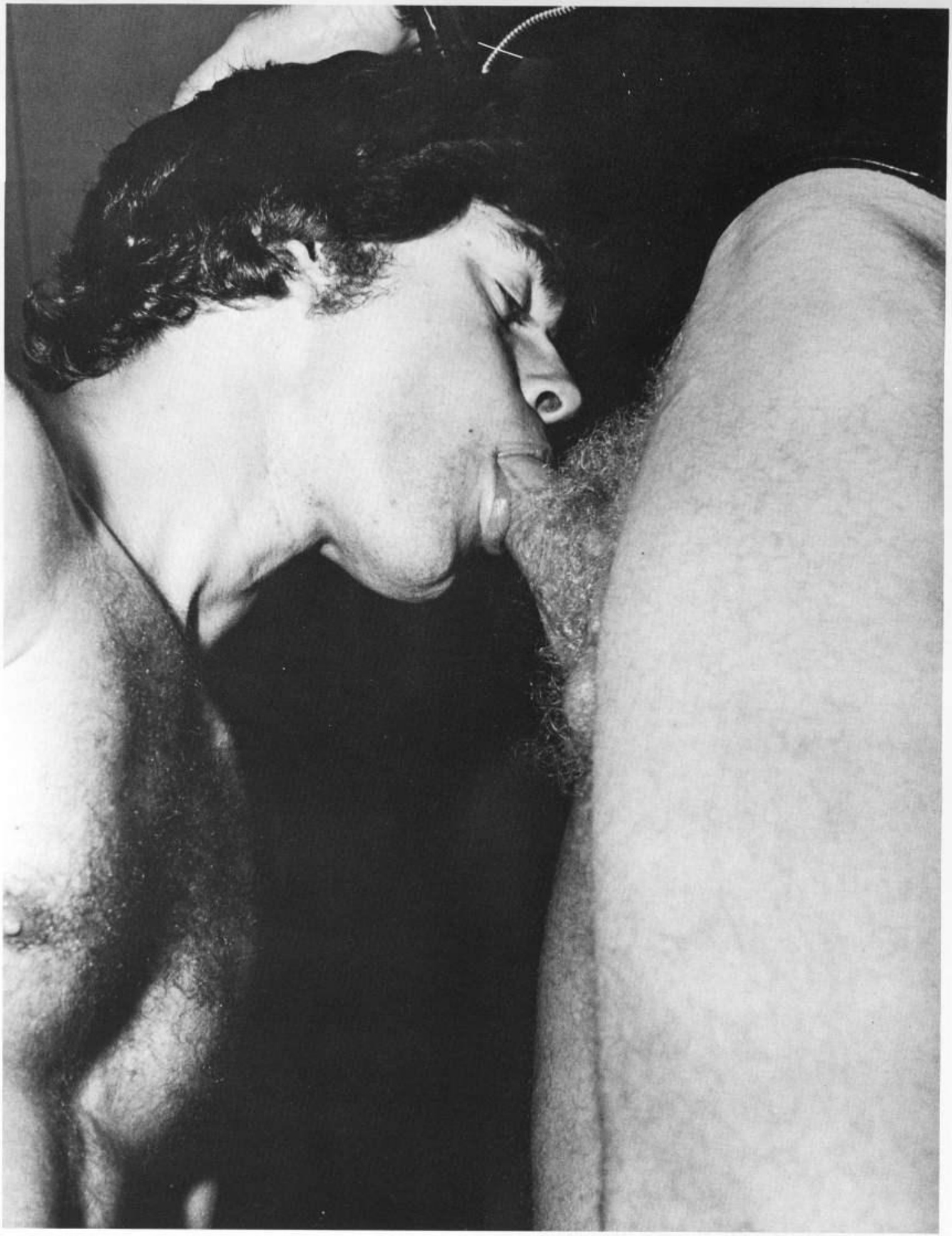
rickety ladder and I positioned myself, holding it so that I was looking directly at his crotch. Shit, that was some view. His jacket was open, exposing his muscled chest and stomach. He was reaching around over his head so that I could see his muscles flexing and twisting. And it also gave me a perfect opportunity to study his crotch. There was certainly a noticeable bulge, but of course, it was impossible to tell how well he was really hung.

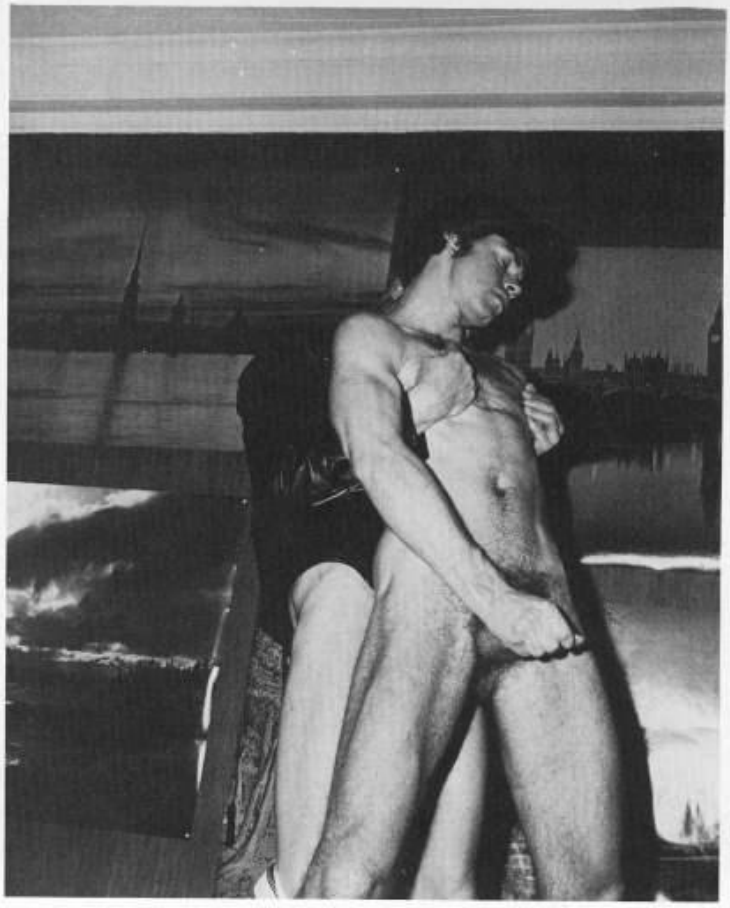
Using the excuse of steadying the ladder gave me all sorts of approaches to check this stud out. But I figured that I'd have to be cool. After all, I didn't know what his scene was sexually.

Moving my head in close, I could see the outline of the head of his dick where it bulged against his pants. I moved my hand around to where it was just in front of his crotch and as luck would have it, he leaned forward and right onto my hand. I began moving my hand around very slowly, as if I was trying to get a tighter grip on the ladder.

It wasn't long until the bulge in his pants started to get larger and larger. I got a little bolder and moved my hand a little more firmly against the increasing lump of male flesh. After each stroke of my hand, I could see the outline of his prick a little more clearly. Before long he had a roaring hard-on and I could make out the outline of the stiff pecker clearly through the fabric. It was really turning me on. He had a man-sized piece of meat and it looked like it







was ready for action.

All the time I was teasing him into getting a roaring hard-on, he had continued to work like he wasn't aware of what was happening. I knew that he didn't mind, or he would have stopped me, but I didn't know how far he'd let me go. I figured that he was straight and that the most I could expect was to suck him off. But that certainly was fine with me. Just thinking about taking his hard dick down my throat was enough to make me cream.

I had gone too far to stop now. I started unbuckling his belt and then slowly unbuttoned his pants. Gradually I revealed his stiff pecker until it stood out from his hard body, ready and proud. It was perfect in every detail. His dick was beautifully shaped growing out of a nest of golden curls. At the tip there was a clear drop of fluid. I bent over and licked it off with my tongue. The rich male odor assailed my nostrils and sent me into further delight.

Without another thought I plunged my head down on that fantastic piece of meat. The skin was so smooth that my mouth easily moved down the stiff shaft until my nose was nestled in the mass of curls at the base. Then I moved my head back up swirling my tongue around the head.

I could hear his breathing getting deeper and then I felt his strong arms grip my shoulders. At first it scared

me. I thought he might pull me off and want to kick the shit out of me, but instead he pulled my mouth back onto his prick. His hips started moving back and forth in a fucking motion.

He spoke, his voice like a low sexual growl, "Oh yeah, suck my hard prick. Oh man, you really know how to do it. Feel my nuts . . . yeah, that's it. Jesus, it feels good."

It sure didn't take any genius to figure out that I had struck it lucky and that he really dug it. I worked the saliva into my mouth until his prick was really slick and my mouth was gliding over the sensitive skin. He was so turned on that his legs were quivering. Then he really surprised me by saying, "Oh man, take your clothes off so I can see your body."

I looked at him in surprise and he continued, "Shit, yes, I want to see you nude sucking my big dick."

It didn't take but a minute before I was standing nude again and bending back down to take his prick in my mouth again. But I only got to suck on it for a few seconds before he came down off the ladder and grabbed me from behind. He wasn't rough, mind you; just very firm and definitely sexual. I could feel the head of his stiff prick pressing against the opening to my asshole. Slowly the pressure grew and I could feel the muscle ring opening to admit the mushroom head of his hard dick. I felt it slip into the tight channel until he was in up to the hilt. Then he began a slow fucking motion.

His mouth was against my ear, and he whispered, "Oh man, you've got a nice ass! If I keep this up very long I'm going to blast a load into your guts, but I want to make this last. God, but you're good sex!"

He pumped his rod slowly in and out for a few minutes more and then he slowly pulled out. He turned me around and really surprised me when he offered me his ass. He didn't say anything, just turned around so that my hard prick was aimed right at his asshole. I put my arms around him, like he had held me and pressed my prick against the tight hole. I spit in my hand and spread it around on my cock to lubricate it, then I put a steady pressure on it and began to make my entrance. At first, the muscle was tight, but then it relaxed, and my prick started to slip inside. Man, was that a sweet ass! I pushed in up to the hilt, then withdrew until just the tip remained inside. Then, I plunged back in to the hilt. My fucking motions became wilder and faster. Shit, I was losing control. Then he said, "Don't cum yet . . . I want to suck it."

I pulled my dick out and leaned against the ladder to watch this butch stud bend down and take my stiff dick in his mouth. He really knew what he was doing. His mouth plunged down, taking my entire prick inside. His tongue, swirling like mad, was teasing every inch of my cock. It was no secret he was turned on to sucking me because his own cock was rock hard and his hand was busily sliding up and down on it.

Several times I was sure I was going to cream in his throat, but he let up just in time. Then he got back to work, taking me back up to the heights again. I wanted to make it last as long as possible, but I knew that I couldn't hold out much

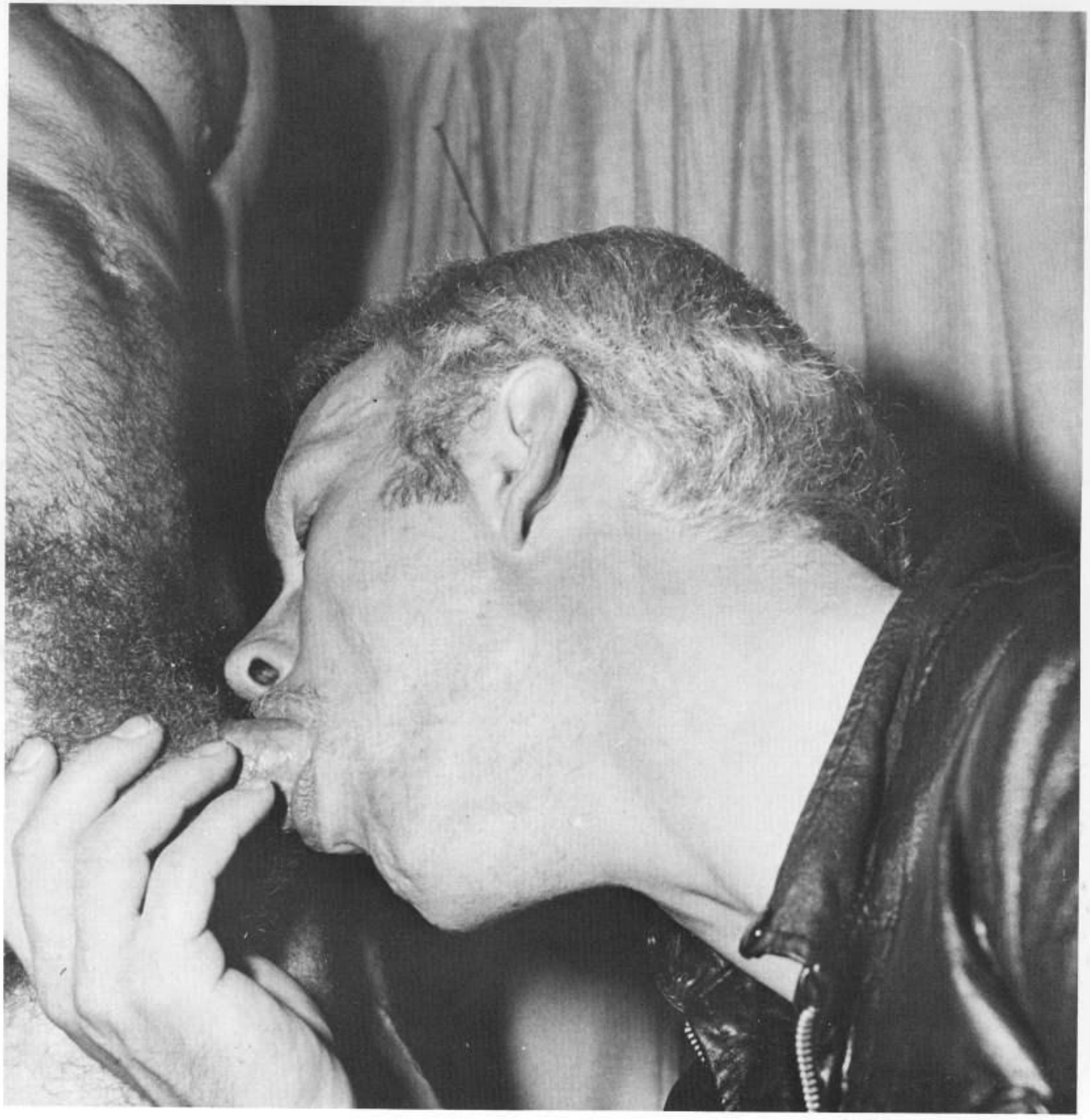
longer, the way his expert mouth was working on me. But shit, I didn't care. I was just enjoying the fantastic feeling.

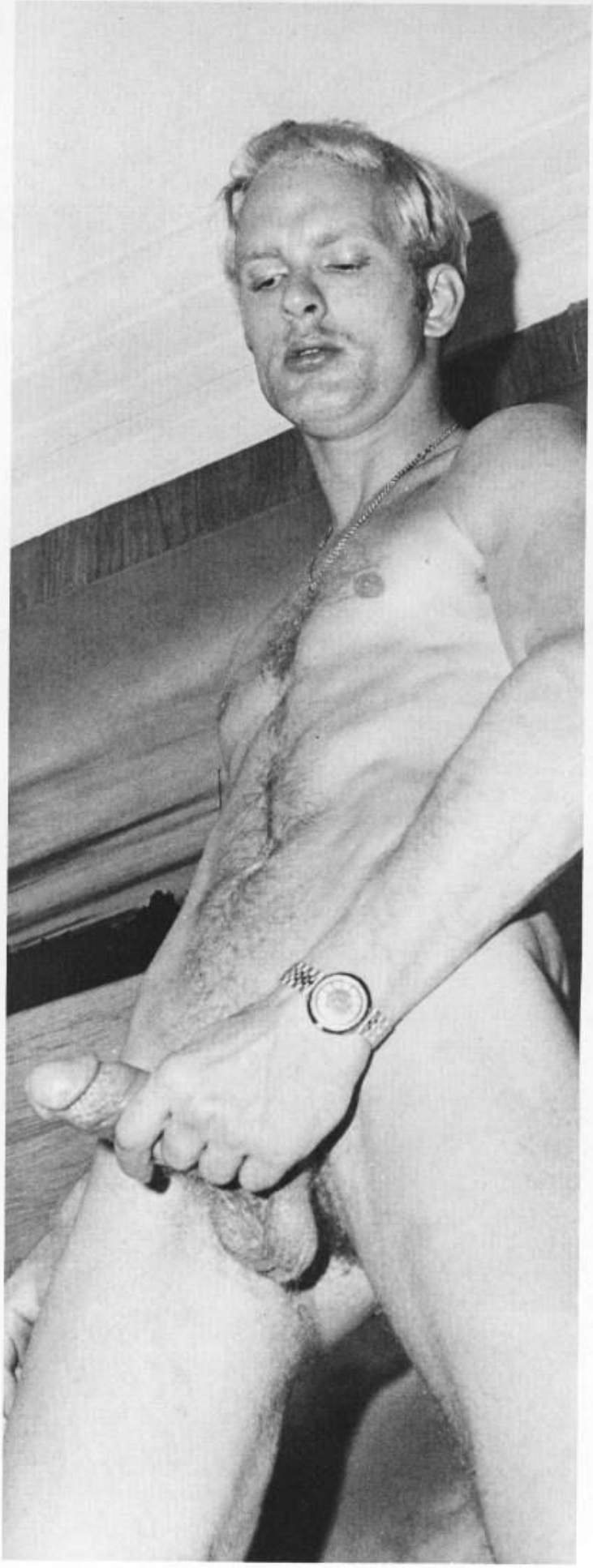
Holding on to the ladder, the muscles in my arms and legs were straining. The tension seemed to increase the sexual feeling as his mouth continued to plunge up and down taking me closer and closer. I could feel the cum building up in my guts. The tension was building in my nuts and they were churning in their sack. I knew that I was going to cum, but I didn't want to stop it.

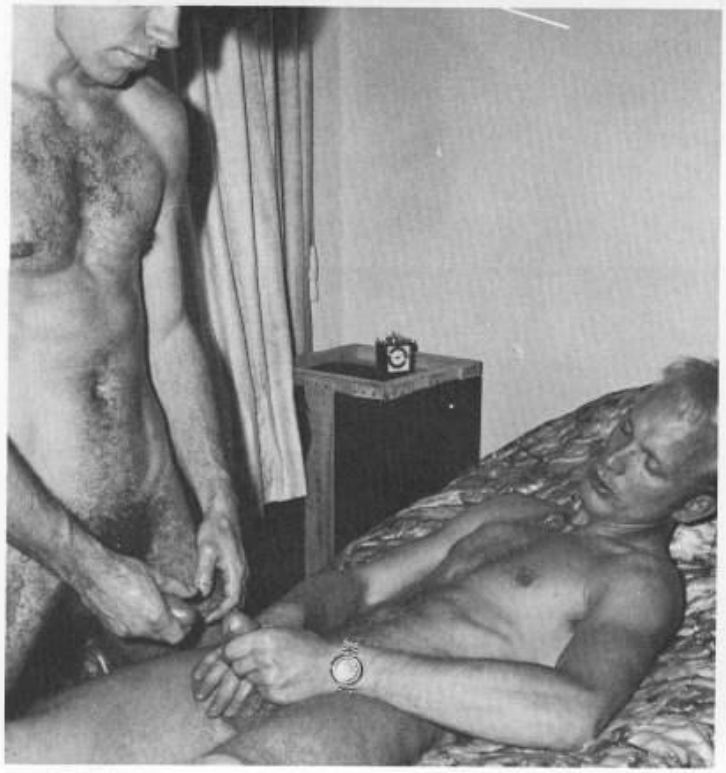
I started yelling, "Oh shit, I'm going to cumm . . . I'm going to CUM . . . OH GODDAMM . . . IT'S CUMMING!"

The electric-like sensation bolted from deep in my guts and ran searing through the tubes in my dick. I could feel it bursting out of the head into his mouth in a giant spurt. He sucked like a wild man, lapping and swallowing every drop. I could feel spurt after spurt leave my prick and then see his throat muscles as he swallowed it.

I felt like all the strength had been drained from my body and I slumped on the ladder. He stood up, still jacking his own dick off. Limply I reached for it to give him a blow job, but he said, "I want to wait until you're







ready again. How long does it take for you to recover?"

Weakly I replied, "Usually just a few minutes. But after that blow job . . . wow . . . I don't know."

"Maybe I can help you recover," he offered.

Watching him stand before me, playing with his dick, was having some effect. "I don't think it'll be too long. Why don't we move over onto the bed?"

He winked and said, "You go on over. I'll just watch you for a few minutes."

He sat up on the ladder and continued to jack off his dick. I must admit it was certainly having it's effect on me, and it wasn't long before my cock was hard once again. Then he

came over to the bed and joined me for another round.

At first we just sort of played around, like sitting on top of one another and putting our cocks together. Shit, it really felt good! After a short while I turned around until I was sitting on him with my back to his face. I was rubbing our cocks together and then figured that I'd see how his ass was feeling. I spit on my finger and started working it around the hole at the base of his nuts. My finger slipped into the warm hole and it wasn't long after that that I was finger-fucking him in earnest.

I could tell he was really loving it. His cock got rock hard and his hips were thrusting up to meet each plunge of my finger. I knew I was going to replace my finger with something bigger, but first I wanted to get my cock good and slick. I whirled around and rammed my pecker right into his open mouth. Pinning his head down, I plunged my cock all the way in to the hilt and started fucking his face in earnest. After I cum once, I have very good control over my climaxes, so I knew I would be able to fuck him as long as he wanted before I would cum again.

Getting off of him, I turned him over on his stomach. His was was a real turn-on; open and inviting. I moved in behind him and lowered myself down. My cock hit its mark and entered the tight ass. I continued slowly, until I was all the way in to the hilt. Then I began to fuck him in long, even strokes.

Before long he was really responding. His ass was

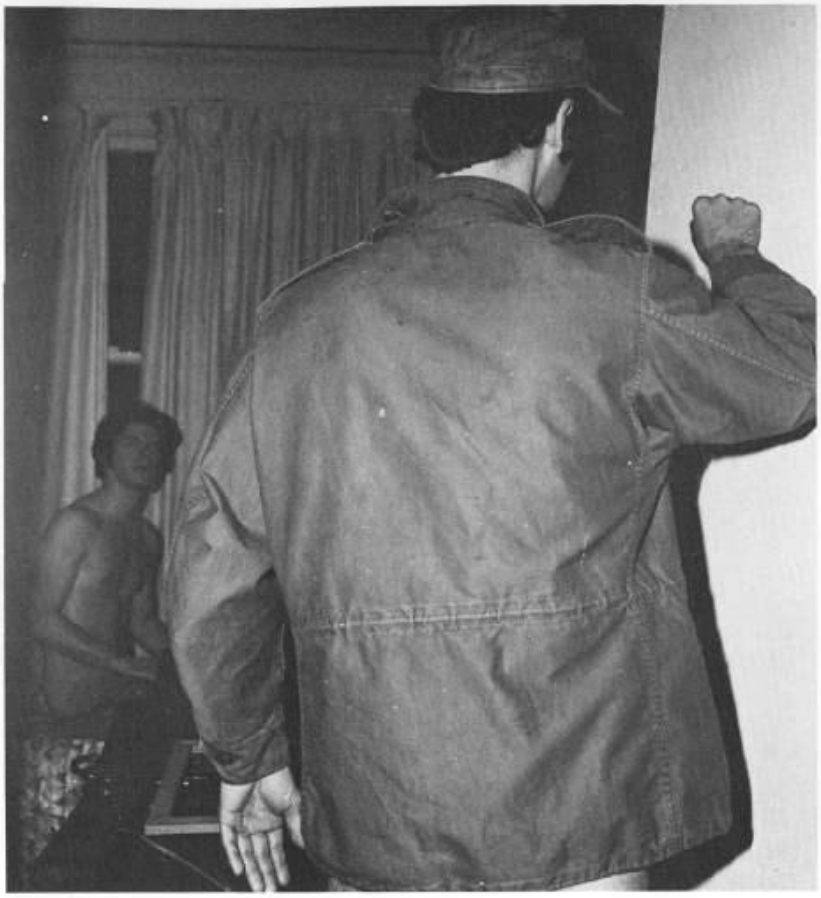
humping up to meet my every plunge. I felt underneath him and his dick was hard as a rock. Man, he really enjoyed getting screwed. It turned me on even more realizing how butch this stud was and that I had him in my control because he loved my dick up his ass so much. I fucked him in just about every conceivable manner.

After I'd just about screwed him silly, he turned me over so I was laying on my back with my stiff prick standing up in the air. Then he lowered himself onto it. Man, it was really something to watch my hard shaft disappearing into his hot rear-end. He bounced up and down and twisted around so that my prick must have hit every part of his ass. Then I turned him over and fucked him dog fashion. I really let him have it then. I could feel my nuts working up another load and I wanted to blast his insides with my hot cum.

I grabbed the cheeks of his ass with my hands and really began laying it into him. I'd pull out until the head of my dick was just oustide, resting on the opening to his hole, then I'd plow back in with all of my might. I knocked him flat onto the bed with the force of my lunges several times, but each time I'd pull him back up and pump into him again.

He was groaning and breathing hard. Then he began to talk in a low hoarse voice, "Fuck me. Shit, let me have it. God, I love it. Fuck my butt. Let me feel your hot cum in my guts. Man, I love it! Shit, do it. DO IT!"

I could feel the load cumming and I pounded harder and harder until it seemed that I'd tear him apart. Then my cum started up from my nuts. I began to mutter and



shout. "I'm creaming . . . shit, here it cums . . . I'm gonna blast your guts . . . fill your insides with my hot cream. Shit, feel it,, FEEL IT!"

My cock reacted like a cannon. It blasted into his butthole pumping a full load. I pulled out, but I didn't feel exhausted this time. In fact, I was still hard. I rolled him over and man, I could tell he was about crazy to cum. He had been holding it in a long time. A sudden impulse struck me and I straddled his body with my ass just over his hard cock. I held it up and slowly lowered myself onto it. I could feel it entering my anal channel and it was turning me on full force again.

It didn't take any time until he was pumping his hips up and down, sending his stiff cock in and out of my body. I could feel his dick sliding across my prostate and it felt great. His strokes came faster and more urgent. I knew he was getting close.

Suddenly he closed his eyes and screamed, "Aaaahhhhhhhhhh, here it cums! Oh God, I'm cumming . . . Jesus Christ, I'm gonna blast your butt . . . Aaaaaaaagh, take it, TAKE IT!"

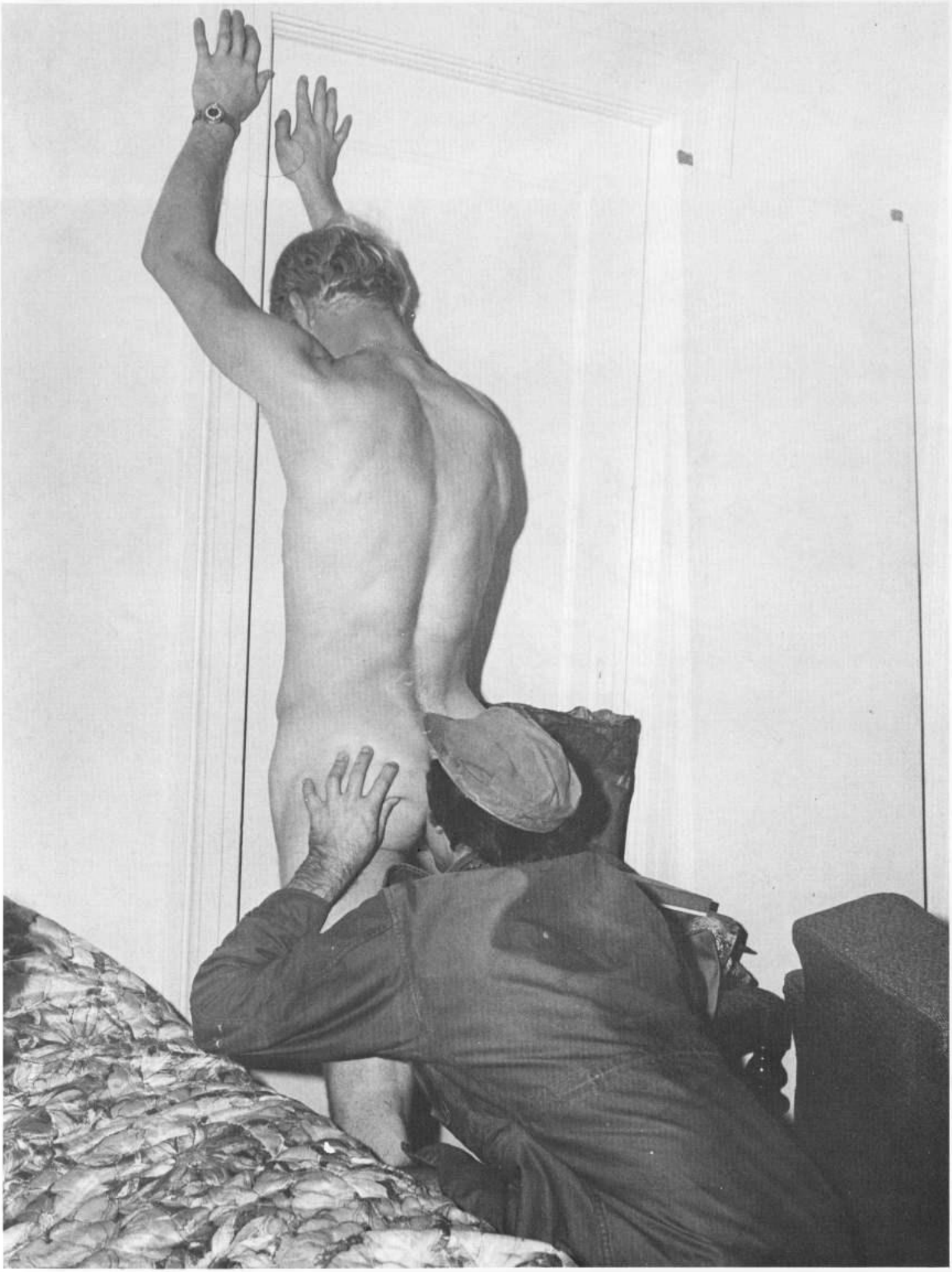
It felt like a gusher. I could feel the force of each load of his hot cum hitting the walls of my intestines. I grew warm inside. He just kept pumping up and down and shooting load after load. I felt around to where his dick was pounding into my butthole to feel his hot sticky cum leaking back out onto his nuts. He must have shot a quart of cum into my asshole!

After he'd finished shooting I was feeling hot and ready again. I asked him, "After that load, are you gonna be able to cum again, or should I go ahead and jack off?"

He smiled up at me and then rolled his eyes. "Sure, but give me a few minutes . . . then I'll be ready to go again. I'd like to have that sweet ass again."

It was only a few minutes before we were ready again. We were standing up slowly exploring each others' bodies, when I heard a knock at the door. I nearly died. I had left the door unlocked and there was a guy standing in the doorway wearing nothing but an Army fatigue jacket and cap. No pants, no shoes, nothing else. And did he ever have one helluva hard-on!

I nodded towards the door and Rick, looking over his shoulder said, "Oh don't worry about him. That's Jimmy, the landlord's son. He was in Viet Nam and got caught in a bombing raid. I guess you could say he's got a really extreme case of shell shock, but he's a good kid, and really good



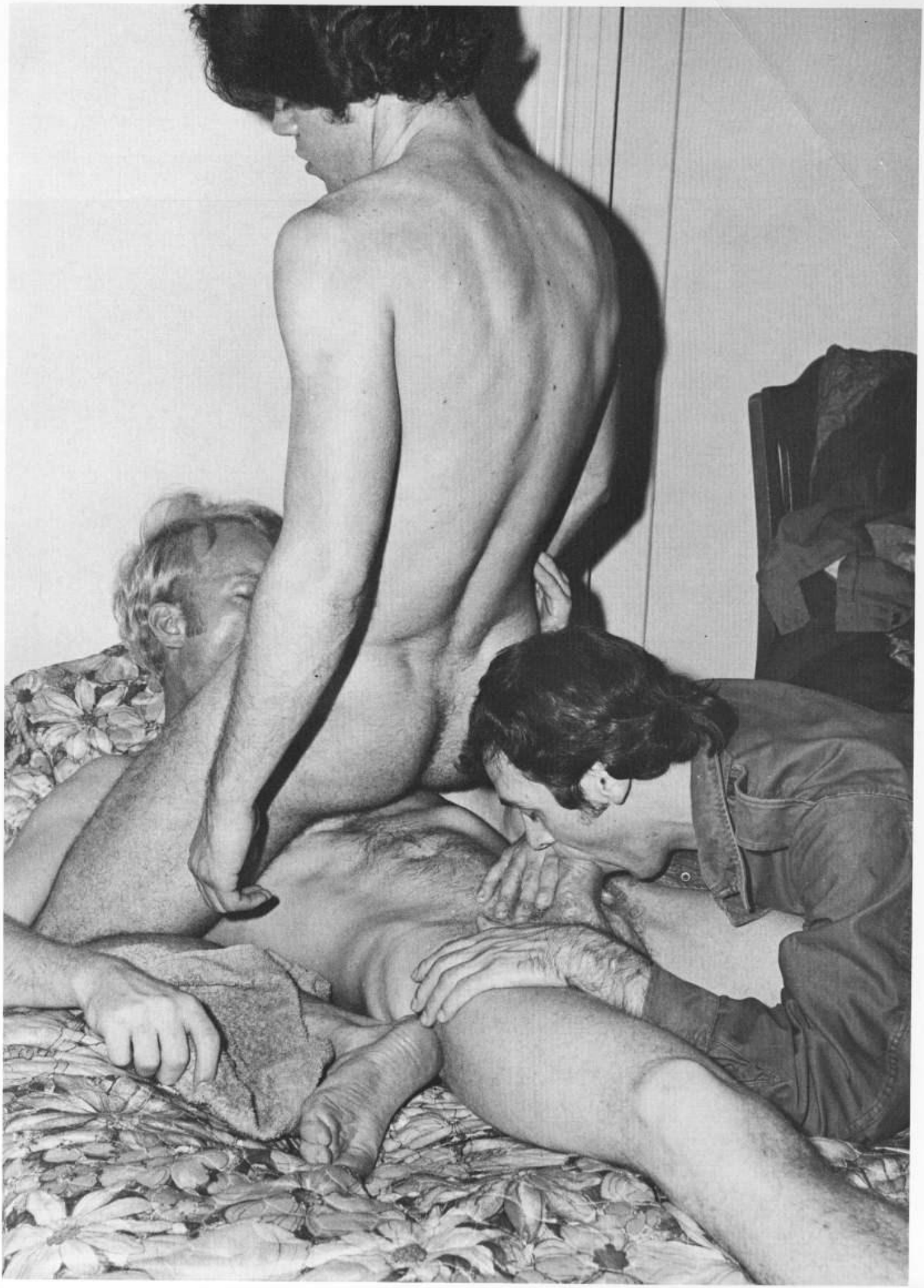
Before long we were all three on the bed comparing dicks and feeling one another's bodies.

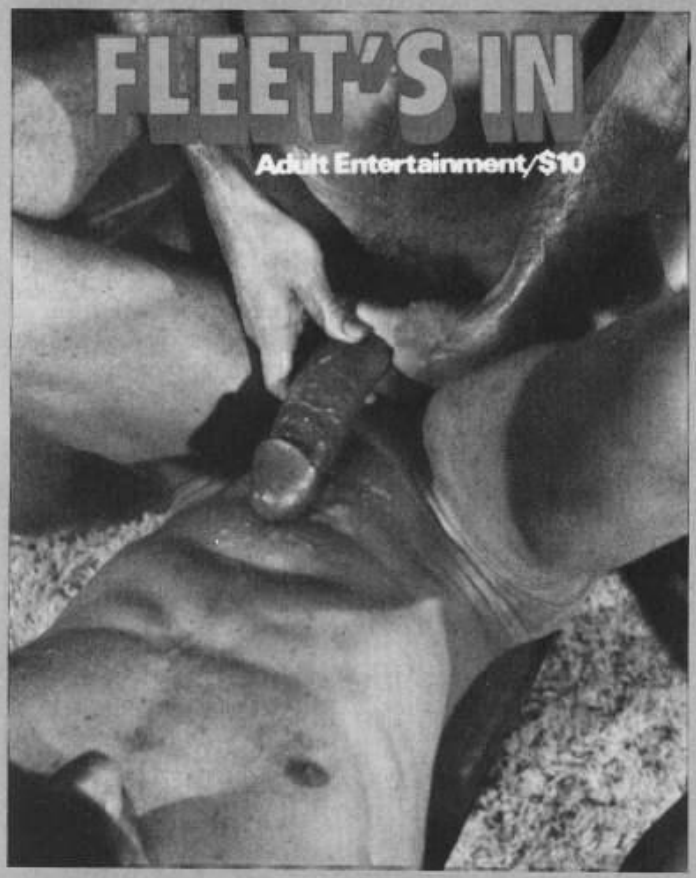
I still hadn't fucked Jimmy, but I decided that it was time to try his ass.

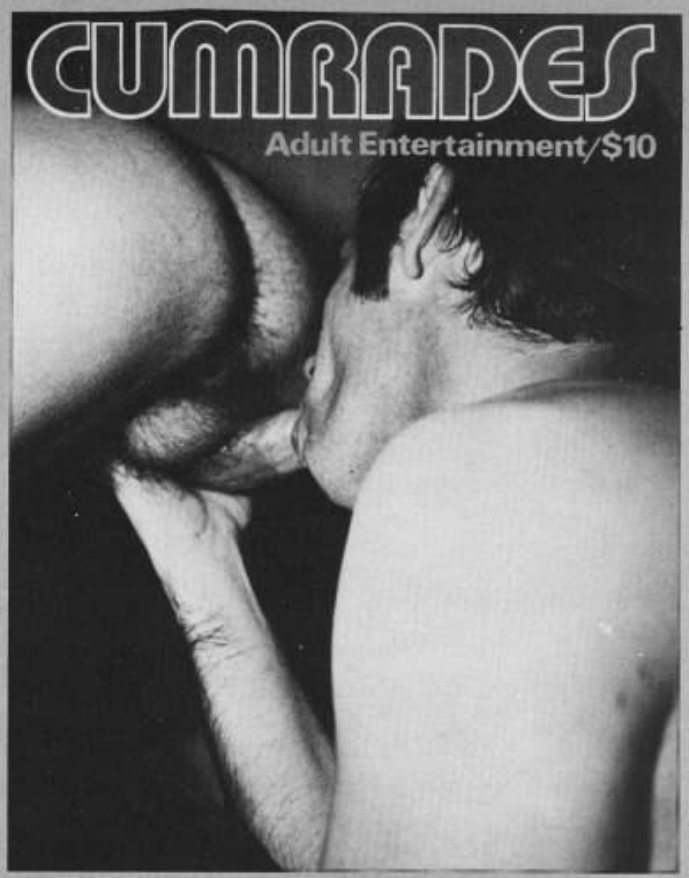
I was really getting into it, when I felt Rick on top of me. It was the first time I'd ever been sandwiched, but I was sure game. I felt the tight muscles of my ass parting as Rick's big dick plunged downwards. I lay still on Jimmy, just letting my cock rest inside him while Rick worked all the way into me. Then I began to fuck in slow, even strokes. Each time I pulled out of Jimmy, I drove Rick's prick deep into my guts. Then when I pushed back into Jimmy, Rick's prick would slide out.

My cum was beginning to surge through my nuts and it wasn't long before it shot out into Jimmy's ass. But I wasn't the only one cumming. I could feel my ass being filled with another load from Rick. When I reached under Jimmy, my hand was filled with his hot cream. We were all moaning and screaming together as we shot our loads.

That was the first time. This place has really worked out well. Anytime I get horny, I know I've got a couple of guys in the building who'll always be ready to go.







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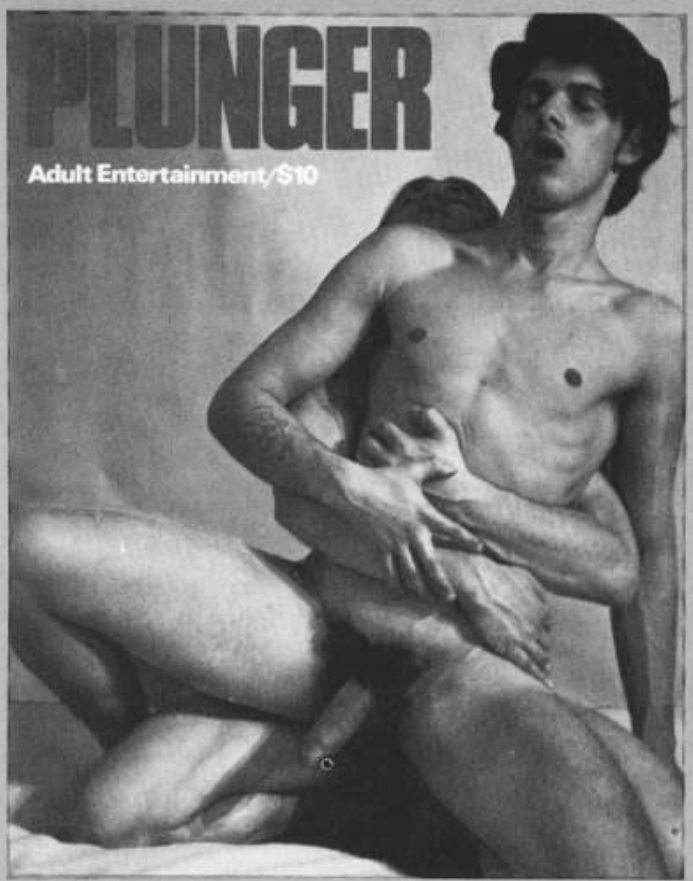

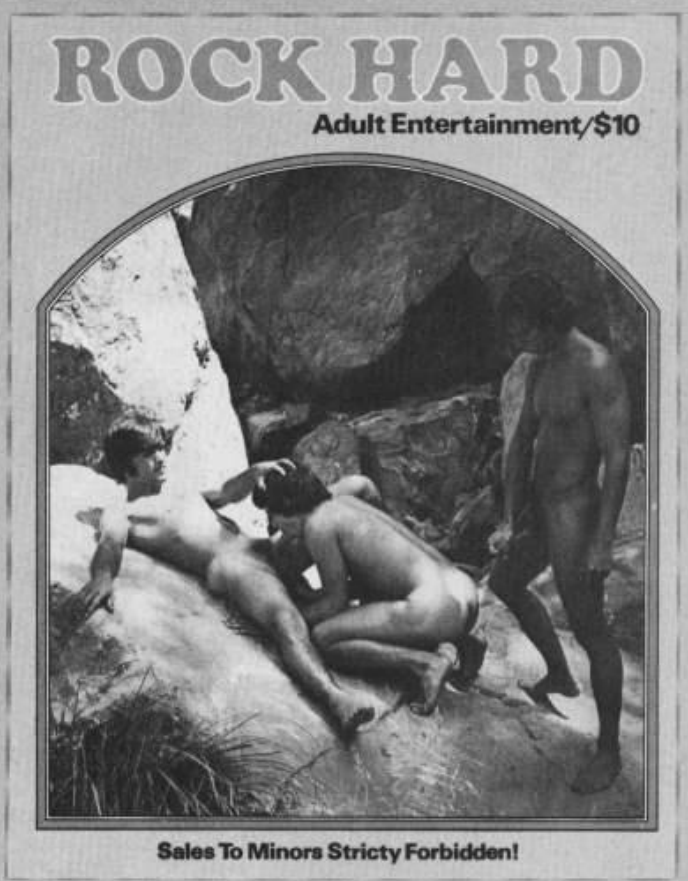

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